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Washington

Gunn, Benjamin J.

Life of George Wash-
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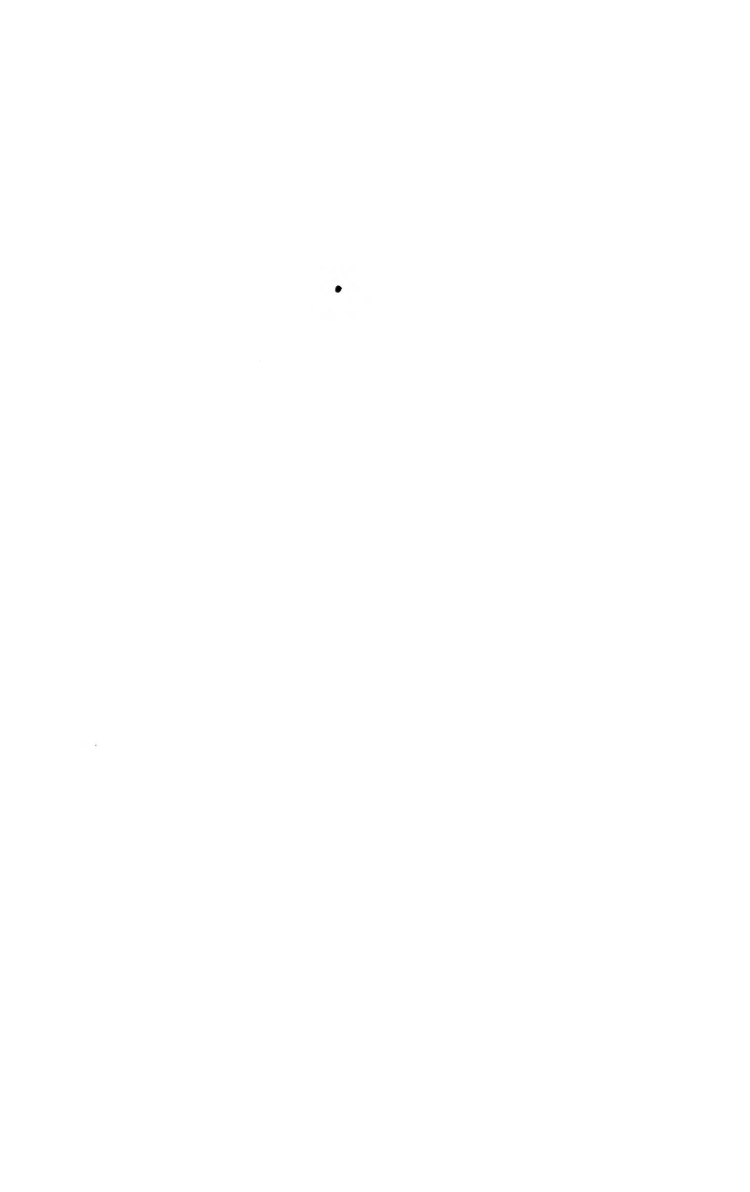
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LIFE OF
George Washington
IN VERSE

By BENJ. J. GUNN 32°
Pittsburg, Kansas

W. M. No. 261, 1892
W. M. No. 329, 1902, 1905



Author of
Life of Abraham Lincoln In Verse

Either Poem 25 Cents

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MASONIC WORKING TOOLS.

The Twenty-four Inch Gauge does teach
Free Masons to divide their time
Into three equal parts with each
Devoted to a task sublime;

The service of our God comes first,
With members of the Craft distressed;
Life's daily work should be rehearsed,
And then refreshment, sleep and rest.

The Common Gavel teaches man
The vices of life to discard,
To live upon a higher plan,
And well his character to guard;
If Masons thus the Gavel use,
To shape their lives before they die,
The Master then will not refuse
Admission to the Lodge on high.

We use the true Masonic Plumb
Our perpendiculars to raise,
And Craftsmen by its use become
Upright and manly in their ways;
Before his fellow-man and God
Uprightly should the Mason walk,
His way the way that Jesus trod,
His talk the same as Christians' talk.

The Square employed by Masons all
To shape their deeds is Virtue's Square;
And Craftsmen should obey its call,
And heed its lessons everywhere:
Let Masons thus their lives improve;
When Death's cold winds come sighing round,
Their souls will rise to God above,
Where peace eternal will be found.

The Level teaches that all men
Are equally the sons of God,
Who are to be forgiving when
Upon Time's level they all trod
Unto that undiscovered land
From which no traveler returns,
Where, seated at God's own right hand,
The Mason precious wisdom learns.

The Trowel teaches us to spread
Love and affection's strong cement,
That heart to heart we may be wed
Into a noble band content,
Where no contention can exist
Except that emulation we
Are taught to practice, to assist
Us best to work and best agree.

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JAN 15 1917

George Washington

By BENJ. J. GUNN.

The writer takes his faithful pen
An even thousand lines to write
About one of our noblest men,
Whose story is a beacon light,
A guiding star, to us today,
And will throughout the earth be read
By children and by statesmen gray
When all of us are cold and dead.

Beyond the sea for British gold,
Eleven hundred eighty-three,
The "Wessyngton" estate was sold
To William de Hertburn, and he
Transmitted it unto his son:
The "de" omitted, then the name
To "Wassington" and Wasshington"
Was changed, and "Washington" became.

One Lawrence Washington received
From the Eighth Henry all Sulgrave,
But his posterity believed
The Stuarts just, and to them gave
Allegiance. When Cromwell came
Did John and Andrew Washington,
Great-grandsons of the one we name,
Both journey tow'rd the setting sun.

In sixteen hundred fifty-sev'n
They landed on Virginia soil,
And in Westmoreland county, ev'n,
Began their life of ceaseless toil.
John wooed and won Miss Anna Pope,
Was in the house of burgesses,
Lived out his days, died in the hope
That Jesus would his labors bless.

In sixteen hundred ninety-four
John's grandson, Augustine, was born:
And his first wife, Jane Butler, bore
Four children to him, and was torn
From earth away. Miss Mary Ball
Became his wife, and to him gave
The noble George—the name we all
Revere where Freedom's banners wave.

In sev'nteen hundred thirty-two,
And on the twenty-second day
Of February, the child who
Was destined to a Nation sway,
Was born. Of Stafford county then
Did he become a resident,
Joined in the chase o'er hill and glen,
And was with such a life content.

Left fatherless when but a lad,
His mother's precepts wise controlled
His life. She bade him shun the bad,
And thus his character did mould.
To Mary Washington we owe
A debt of gratitude that can
In love be paid: that love to show
Should be the pride of ev'ry man.

Erected o'er her grave today
A plain and simple modest stone
Appears; and any person may
Upon it read these words alone:
"Mary, mother of Washington."
Yet 'tis enough to such as love
The mem'ry of her noble son,
Who did to us a Father prove.

Attentive to his books at school,
He did his teachers all obey,
And many of his playmates rule
As soldiers when their locks were gray.
Precise and thorough in his work,
Whate'er he did was ably done;
He was a student, not a shirk:
Such was our noble Washington.

Beyond the Alleghanies high
Vast regions Washington surveyed;
And on his field notes still rely
Surveyors when surveys are made.
A careful youth, though but sixteen,
His record is excelled by none:
For eighteen decades we have seen
No nobler name than Washington.

Such was the boyhood and the youth
Of him whom nations still admire
For virtue, honesty and truth,
And teach their people to aspire
His character to emulate,
His virtues all to make their own,
That when they reach the golden gate
They all may meet our Washington.

When George's brother, Lawrence, died,
In sev'nteen hundred fifty-two,
Mount Vernon with its acres wide
Descended to his daughter who
Soon died; and thus did George become
The owner of the vast estate
On the Potomac: and the home
Was worthy of its owner great.

Virginia's noble governor
A man of courage wished to send
To the Ohio, where a war
Seemed imminent; and so he penned
A letter to a prudent youth
Whose age was only twenty-one—
A man of fortitude and truth—
You know his name—'twas Washington.

A mission more important than
The one to which we here allude
Was ne'er intrusted to a man
So young; nor yet to one so good,
Courageous and so true; and yet
Each trying task was nobly done,
Each difficulty fully met
By our sagacious Washington.

October thirty, fifty-three,
Upon his journey perilous
Did Washington set out, and he
Proceeded straightway to discuss
Grave matters with his brothers red
As soon as he had reached the place
Where Pittsburg stands today, and said
He peace desired with all their race.

Delivering to St. Pierre
Dinwiddie's letter, Washington
Received his brief reply, to bear
Which answer back must needs be done.
On foot and o'er the frozen snow
The party in the wilderness
For many days did slowly go
And forward constantly did press.

Alone did Washington with Gist
On foot the forest journey through;
And that their way might not be missed
They chose as guide a savage, who
Proved treacherous and tried to kill
His two companions: leaving him
The noble heroes onward still
Proceeded with a weary limb.

They saw the Allegheny's rise
And crossed its raging waters wide
Amidst great blocks of floating ice,
In triumph reached the other side
By means of rafts constructed rude;
Though they were in its waters thrown,
With courage and with fortitude
They struggled till the bank was won.

Quite rapidly our hero went
Unto Virginia, whence he came,
Reported to the government
His mission done: henceforth his fame
Increased until it was the theme
Of conversation in each group;
And he did to the people seem
Virginia's pillar and her hope.

In sev'nteen hundred fifty-four
The French and Indian war began,
And Washington throughout it bore
The record of a valiant man;
And when a regiment set out
To travel tow'rd the setting sun
They felt the French could never rout
Lieutenant Colonel Washington.

Upon the twenty-eighth of May
In earnest did the war begin.
And through the forest dense that day
Was echoed loud the battle's din.
It has been said by those who know
That in that bloody war the gun
Directed first against the foe
Was in the hands of Washington.

When the Great Meadows fight was done
The gallant French were prisoners
Of war, and were by Washington
Sent to Virginia's governors.
The sudden death of Colonel Fry
Left Washington in full command;
And he began to fortify
A place where he could firmly stand.

But later—on July the third—
His men at Fort Necessity
The French attacked, and there was heard
The sound of savage revelry.
Compelled soon to capitulate,
He slowly led his men away
And straightway did communicate
To Dinwiddie the men's dismay.

Now Washington resigned his place,
That he might his good mother see;
But afterwards the populace
Asked for a soldier brave, and he
In sev'nteen hundred fifty-five
Joined Braddock's staff and went to meet
The foreign foe; and he did give
Advice and counsel quite discreet.

'Twas on the ninth day of July
That Braddock fought at Fort du Quesne
Until his troops were forced to fly
From savage missiles that, like rain,
Descended on his soldiers brave
Till of his aid-de-camps not one
Remained to dire disaster save
Except the gallant Washington.

All over that fierce bloody field
Did Washington, undaunted, ride;
The colonists were last to yield;
Though hundreds of the British died.
Brave Braddock went down with his men,
But Washington escaped unharmed,
And by his presence cheered them when
They finally become alarmed.

Two horses under him were shot,
Four leaden bullets whistled through
His clothes, and yet he faltered not
But ever did his duty do.
Miraculous seemed his escape
Upon that sultry July day
From bullets, missiles and from grape
That did so many comrades slay.

Had Braddock heeded the advice
Of Washington, the great defeat
At Fort du Quesne at such a price
Would not have been; that quick retreat
Would not have been recorded on
The leaves of England's history,
And Braddock might not then have gone
To death before the enemy.

Appointed by the governor
Virginia's soldiers to command,
Did he continue in the war
To fight for home and native land.
Into the Shenandoah fair
The little band by Washington
Was guided; and they tarried there
Midst scenes beyond comparison.

In January, fifty-six,
Did Washington to Boston go,
That Gen'ral Shirley might there fix
Instructions necessary to
Determine who was in control
Of forces under his command,
And ascertained that as a whole
The troops were guided by his hand.

It has been said that at New York
Young Washington did fall in love.
But duty called him to his work
And left a rival to improve
The golden moments as they sped
Until the tender heart was won
By him to whom the girl was wed,
And not by Colonel Washington.

The year was spent on the frontiers
The pioneers brave to protect
From hostile French and savage cheers.
His presence had a good effect.
It was not until fifty-sev'n
That Washington forsook the field
And journeyed to Mount Vernon, ev'n,
And to disease was forced to yield.

But finally, in fifty-eight,
With Forbes he went to Fort du Quesne,
Which fortress did capitulate
November twenty-five. 'Twas ta'en
Without a blow. This was the end
Of fighting in the frontier West,
And the brave men who did defend
Their homes so nobly now had rest.

Before the fall of Fort du Quesne
Did Washington a widow meet,
Who pleasantly did entertain
Him with her charming ways so sweet:
Her name was Martha Dandridge first,
But John Parke Custis she had wed;
And she to Washington rehearsed
How Custis had been three years dead.

The charming widow was too much
For Washington's admiring gaze;
Her tender look, her slightest touch,
Her hazel eyes, her winsome ways,
His youthful heart did captivate;
And he to her his troth did plight,
And they agreed to celebrate
Their nuptials when was done the fight.

Unto the house of burgesses
About this time was Washington
Elected, and with cheerfulness
He heard that he had nobly won.
The battle over, he repaired
To Williamsburg to claim his bride,
Whose hand in marriage he had dared
Solicit, and was not denied.

The year was fifty-nine, the day
Was January six, when he
To Mrs. Martha Custis gay
Became a husband and to the
Two children a beloved sire.
At the bride's home the honeymoon
Of three months passed; but his desire
For his Mount Vernon came quite soon.

Before he to Mount Vernon went
He sat among the burgesses,
Who his brave deeds did compliment
And old Virginia's thanks express.
Returning to domestic life,
He oversaw the vast estate,
And with the riches of his wife,
To his own added, became great.

A chariot and four for her
Did he most cheerfully provide,
But did himself a steed prefer
And did on horseback always ride.
His own book-keeper and his clerk,
His labors honestly were done;
And e'en in foreign climes his work
Was never scrutinized by one.

A burgess Washington remained
From fifty-nine to sev'nty-four,
And during these years he maintained
Columbia's cause and always bore
An active part in each protest
Against the tyranny of George
The Third, whose laws oppressed
The people, and did o'er them forge

The tyrant's chain. Divided, they
Could not so well the king oppose;
And so they named an autumn day
For meeting, and the place they chose
Was Philadelphia; and there met
The Continental Congress when
September five came, to debate
The welfare of their fellow-men.

Virginia, longing to be free,
Sent Pendleton and Harrison.
And Patrick Henry, Bland and Lee,
And Randolph, and George Washington
As delegates to represent
Her patriotic people; and
To Philadelphia straightway went
Those heroes justice to demand.

From grand Mount Vernon side by side
Did Patrick Henry, Washington
And Pendleton together ride
To Philadelphia; and not one
Proved to his country's cause untrue:
Three great, pure, noble-minded men—
Three patriotic statesmen who
Would die for freedom of their ken.

At length assembled fifty-one
Such patriots, determined, brave,
And a petition, mild in tone,
Dispatched unto the cruel knave
Who mercilessly dared oppress
Three million people shamefully.
The people read the firm address,
Resolving to be dead or free.

On April nineteen, sev'nty-five,
The crisis came at Lexington;
All Massachusetts was alive
With fury; and with loaded gun
They drove the British hosts away,
But not without the loss of blood:
And thus began upon that day
The fight for home and brotherhood.

The Congress met the tenth of May
And organized for the campaign.
In June unanimously they
Did Washington choose and ordain
To lead the soldiers in the fight
Against aggressions from the King
Of Britain, knowing that the right
In time will always triumph bring.

They offered him a salary.
But Washington would not receive
More than his mere expenses; he
His services would freely give.
'Twas patriotic duty which
Led Washington his home to quit;
A base ambition to grow rich
From office he did not permit.

The president of Congress gave
Him his commission as the chief
Of all Columbia's soldiers brave
The twentieth of June. Quite brief
At Philadelphia was his stay—
He left there on June twenty-one,
Proceeding quickly on his way
To Boston, where war was begun.

When Washington assumed command
July the third day, Bunker Hill
Had witnessed the determined stand
Of the provincials, who with skill
Twice made the British hosts retreat
And almost won the bloody field;
But lack of powder caused defeat,
Compelling our brave sires to yield.

The siege of Boston soon began,
Continuing the winter through,
Till Washington conceived the plan
Of forcing Lord Howe's troops to go.
To fortify Dorchester Heights
Was the command, and on March five
Astonished were the British knights
To see the crest with troops alive.

They had to leave the town or fight.
Howe quickly chose the former, and
In a few days was out of sight
Upon the sea with his command.
The patriots March seventeen
Did enter peacefully the town
That for so many months had been
Oppressed so sorely by the crown.

The bravery of Washington
In battling for so grand a cause
And the great victory he won
Provoked the Nation's wild applause.
Unanimously Congress gave
A vote of thanks, and ordered that
A golden medal he should have
His victory to celebrate.

From Boston now unto New York
Did Washington with promptness go,
And set his soldiers all to work
To fortify against the foe.
Upon the twenty-ninth of June
The British vessels hove in sight
And Staten Island's hills were soon
Well lined with army tents so white.

When waiting for the bloody fray
That all expected July four—
Columbia's Independence Day—
Came; half a hundred and six more
True patriots in Congress said
The time was ripe for Liberty,
And though the king might them behead,
Their children's children should be free.

On July nine the document
By Washington's command was read
To each brigade, and in each tent
With truer heart and keener blade
The men were to the contest nerved,
Prepared to conquer or to die,
Believing that the cause they served
Would be triumphant by and by.

From Halifax and Britain's shore
And also from the sunny South
The British in vast numbers bore
Upon the city; Hudson's mouth
Was filled with Lord Howe's hostile fleet
That came rebellion to suppress,
Determined never to retreat
Till they the fortress did possess.

A conference with Washington
Lord Howe desired, and to him sent
A message; but it was begun
With "Mr." He was not content
With such a title, and compelled
The British chieftain to respect
The high position that he held:
And thus did Howe his notes direct.

On August twenty-sev'n at dawn
Upon Long Island was begun
The battle, and continued on
With fury until Washington
To Brooklyn ordered a retreat
In order to the army save
From crushing, ruinous defeat:
He lost two thousand soldiers brave.

The plan of Howe was to surround
And capture Washington's whole force,
But on the twenty-ninth 'twas found
A fog prevented this bold course
For a brief season. Washington
Observed the danger. All seemed lost.
He took his soldiers—every one—
And with them to the city crossed.

He took them from before the foe
Preparing to seize on its prey,
And they so silently did go
The redcoats knew it not that day,
Thanks to the fog that screened from view
The movements of the gallant band
Whose comrades died that you and you
Might live in peace in a free land.

Retreating from New York away,
At White Plains they engaged the foe
In battle one October day—
The twenty-eighth. Compelled to go,
They at Northcastle pitched their tent
Where foreign foes dared not intrude:
And yet the British government
Continued to shed human blood.

Forced through New Jersey to retreat,
The army crossed the Delaware
Amidst a storm of rain and sleet
And suffering beyond compare;
The boats were on the western shore
By the command of Washington.
Cornwallis could do nothing more
Till 'neath the ice the waters run.

On Christmas twice twelve hundred men
With Washington the river crossed
Midst floating ice. Time and again
It seemed as if all must be lost;
But safe they reached the Jersey shore
And marched against the Hessians, who
Were unprepared at Trenton for
What Washington proposed to do .

Our Washington lost two men slain,
While hundreds of the Hessians died;
A thousand prisoners were ta'en
Unto the Pennsylvania side.
Soon after this the Delaware
Was crossed again; the second day
Of January found them where
There seemed no chance to get away.

Upon that cold eventful night,
That he Cornwallis might deceive,
The bivouac fires were burning bright
When Washington took sudden leave
And marched away to Princeton, where
He won a signal victory.
The roar of cannon through the air
Was borne back to the enemy.

Outgeneralled by Washington,
Cornwallis to the rescue flew;
But ere he came the fight was won
By our forefathers brave and true.
They were encamped at Morristown
From January until May,
And then to Middlebrook went down.
In June they moved six miles away

To Quibbletown—Newcastle now—
But soon to Middlebrook again
They went; and then Sir William Howe
Quit Jersey soil with all his men.
His destination was unknown,
But Washington correctly guessed
To Philadelphia Howe had gone;
And straightway led his army west.

At Germantown he pitched his tents,
And waited for the foe to come,
Determined to at all events
Avert the city's pending doom.
'Twas here he first met La Fayette,
The young, rich nobleman of France,
Who crossed the briny deep to get
To fight for our deliverance.

Upon the famous Brandywine,
In sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-sev'n,
Just two days past September nine,
A bloody battle fierce was giv'n.
A lack of numbers to defeat
The foreign legions under Howe
Compelled our soldiers to retreat
And to a place of safety go.

Howe captured Philadelphia then
September twenty-six and bade
Cornwallis enter with his men,
Which made the patriots all sad.
At Germantown October four
Did Washington the foe attack,
But a dense fog that hovered o'er
The earth induced both sides to back.

Soon after this did Washington
Into his winter quarters go
At Valley Forge. This noble son
Who thus contended with the foe
Was grieved to see ambitious Gates
And Conway plot to supersede
Him in the service of the States
That did his counsel sorely need.

In this, the Nation's darkest hour,
False friends at home and foes abroad
Sought to perpetuate the pow'r
Of him who scrupled not to trod
Upon the rights of noble men
Who braved the tempests of the sea
And settled in a foreign glen
That they might be forever free.

Some soldiers had upon their feet
No shoes; no coats to keep them warm;
They had but little food to eat,
And were exposed to ev'ry storm.
Though hands were cold and feet did bleed,
They still believed their cause was just
And that they would in time succeed,
If they in God would only trust.

The British did commemorate
The eighteenth day of lovely June,
In sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-eight,
By leaving Philadelphia. Soon
Did Washington the Delaware
Cross over and the foe pursue,
Who unto Monmouth did repair
And were attacked by soldiers true.

Our sires commanded were by Lee,
Who fought not as he should have done,
But ordered all his men to flee;
They fled, but were by Washington
Led back. Like demons fought the men
Upon that sultry day of June,
The eight and twentieth; and when
The next day came they stood alone.

For Clinton and his men had fled
Precipitately in the night,
Their wounded leaving, and their dead,
Their hurried flight to expedite.
In Jersey Washington remained
Until September came and then
To West Point went and ascertained
The movements of the Englishmen.

July sixteen, in sev'nty-nine,
By Washington's command did Wayne
With only a few men in line
The fort at Stony Point regain,
Discharging not a single gun.
With killed and wounded ninety-eight
They captured the whole garrison
Of some six hundred on that date.

The Continental currency
Continued to depreciate
Until the specie came to be
Worth fifty times as much. The state
Did it a legal tender make,
Declaring it as good as gold,
But people still refused to take
The worthless stuff for what they sold.

If those who favor fiat now
The country's history will read
With care, they can perhaps learn how
Such fiat money will succeed.
Our currency is good today
Because we are a Nation great
And able all our debts to pay;
And creditors are glad to wait.

With means and honesty to meet
Our obligations, men receive
Our promises to pay; but let
The business world come to believe
Us bankrupt, they will then refuse
Our obligations. As with man
So with a Nation, which must choose
A safe and sound financial plan.

'Twas sev'nteen hundred eighty when
A messenger to Washington
The tidings bore: one of his men
Had proved himself a traitor son.
'Twas Arnold, he who led the fight
At Saratoga and Quebec
And did the foe with terror smite;
For danger did not Arnold reck.

But in an evil hour he fell
And did his country's cause betray,
Becoming only fit for hell,
Where traitors go and go to stay.
John Andre, his confederate,
Was tried and punished as a spy;
But Arnold later met his fate,
Forsaken, left alone to die.

In sev'nteen hundred eighty-one
Did Washington his army lead
Unto the South, and to his own
Mount Vernon home did he proceed.
Six years had come and gone since he
Had bidden that dear home adieu
To fight for home and liberty
Beside our fathers, brave and true.

Now Washington and Rochambeau,
Commanding forces on the land,
Uniting with Count de Grasse, who
Upon the sea had sole command,
In Yorktown did Cornwallis pen
So that he could not get away,
But did surrender all his men
October nineteen—happy day.

The Revolution's at an end,
Columbia's independence won;
Thanks be to those who did defend
Their country's cause with Washington,
The "Father of his Country," and
The most illustrious of men;
And we today well understand
We'll never see his like again.

In sev'nteen hundred eighty-three
Bade Washington his men farewell;
Then to Mount Vernon journeyed he,
In peace and happiness to dwell.
But he could not at home remain;
He left it for his country's good;
For he was one without a stain,
For love, and truth and virtue stood.

At length the Constitutional
Convention met the tenth of May,
In eighty-sev'n; and they did call
True Washington to lead the way.
Upon September seventeen
Their labors arduous were done;
And on that instrument is seen,
The first name there, George Washington.

In sev'nteen hundred eighty-nine,
The seventh day of the new year,
From Hampshire to the Georgia line
The people did from far and near
Choose sixty-nine electors, who
All voted for George Washington
For President; John Adams true
Became Columbia's second son.

As Washington to New York went
He saw ovations ev'rywhere,
And frequently the President
Elect tread over flowers fair.
The thirtieth of April came:
The oath of office duly ta'en,
"Long live George Washington." This name
Was shouted loud time and again.

In the first cabinet we find
Such men as Knox and Jefferson,
And Randolph, and the master mind
Of Alexander Hamilton—
Men foremost in the Nation's cause,
Men, earnest, patriotic, true;
Men who gave us some of the laws
That govern me today, and you.

The country's welfare to promote,
The Congress passed this famous bill,
For which the most of them did vote:
Protection to the farm and mill.
Protection was the statesman's cry
That echoed was by ev'ry son;
And on the Fourth day of July
It was approved by Washington.

The veto message that was sent
In sev'nteen hundred ninety-two
To Congress by the President
Related to the number who
Should represent the people when
The members of the Third House met.
"Unconstitutional," his pen
Wrote; and so said his cabinet.

In sev'nteen hundred ninety-two
The second great election came,
And ev'rywhere the Nation through
The people spoke a single name:
In ninety-three thrice forty-four
Electors met and their votes gave
To Washington for four years more,
While Adams sixty-sev'n did have.

About this time a difference
Arose with France, who sent Genet
As minister. He did commence
To organize troops for the fray
With England; but the President
At once demanded his recall
To Europe, and the government
Approved his course and sanctioned all.

While many people favored France
For what she did to make us free
And gladly welcomed such a chance
To prove to her their sympathy,
Their confidence in Washington
Induced them to adopt his plan;
And there is now not even one
Who doubts the wisdom of the man.

Before his second term was o'er
His cabinet had all resigned,
Which did the President deplore,
But he did other statesmen find.
He ruled the States with truth and love,
Promoting harmony and peace;
Though critics did at times reprove,
He lived to see the malice cease.

'Twas sev'nteen hundred ninety when
Old Philadelphia town became
The Nation's capital; and then
'Twas relocated; and the name
Was that of our first President,
Who laid the building's corner stone
On the Potomac, being sent
By Congress; such is Washington.

In due time his "Farewell Address"
Was given to the people, whom
He did with words of wisdom bless:
His words are not within his tomb;
For all of us now realize
That they will ever constitute
A dear, a grand, a glorious prize,
Whose value Time can not compute.

Thus ended the official life
Of Washington, the Nation's friend,
Who led them through the weary strife
That won our freedom in the end.
Long may his blessed memory
Be idolized by ev'ry one
Who has a longing to be free.
Long live the name of Washington.

His public life was ended now,
And he unto Mount Vernon went,
To oversee and reap and sow,
With which pursuit he was content.
But many, many noted men
Were welcome guests about his board;
For statesmen sought his counsels then,
And listened to his ev'ry word.

In sev'nteen hundred ninety-eight
The French aroused the Nation's ire,
Believing that our men would hate
Upon the flag of France to fire.
Our minister was sent away
And France no other would receive;
Our President without delay
Suggested that the Congress give

That government to understand
That we were independent, free:
The Congress acted promptly and
The war then certain seemed to be.
All eyes were turned to Washington
To lead them in the fight again,
As he before had nobly done:
And he was named commander then.

The threatened battle did not come,
For France apologized to us:
Thus Washington remained at home,
Removed from battles perilous.
He lived to see the compromise
Almost effected, and knew soon
The peace that he so much did prize
Would to the Nation be a boon.

December fourteen, ninety-nine,
The dreaded angel of death came
And did in his cold arms entwine
The form of one whose noble name
Has been Columbia's watch-word for
One hundred forty years. Both then
And now, "first in peace, first in war,
First in the hearts of countrymen."

His illness lasted but a day,
His suffering was quite intense,
But he was carried soon away
To that Supreme Intelligence
That does all Nature's scenes pervade
And cares for such as good have done;
And in His dwelling place was made
A home for noble Washington.

Four days his body lay in state
Ere it was placed within the tomb,
A dwelling to which soon or late
In silence all must surely come.
By brothers true the corse was borne
And at Mount Vernon laid to rest;
The lambskin that in life was worn
In death lay o'er his pulseless breast.

For ages has the lambskin been
An emblem of sweet innocence,
The Mason's badge, pure, white and clean,
That teaches us benevolence:
And 'tis today the Craftsman's pride
That he can point his friends to one
So noble, who met side by side
With Masons: thus did Washington.

For him the Nation now did mourn;
For when his life came to an end
The people knew from them was torn
A father and a faithful friend.
Not only did Columbia weep
For her distinguished, noble son,
But other nations, o'er the deep,
With us mourned for George Washington.

In his last will and testament
He gave his slaves their liberty,
For Washington was not content
Unless he made his servants free.
At Mrs. Washington's decease
The policy that he did state
Was made effective, and in peace
The slaves stood free men at her gate.

Upon Columbia's vast domain
No spot more sacred can be found
Than that where Washington has lain
For six score years almost. That ground
Is visited by tourists now,
Who gaze with reverence and love;
And many in its presence vow
That they will meet him up above.

The Eighteenth century has passed,
The Twentieth has long since come,
Our Nation has become so vast
That it is now the happy home
Of five score million free men, who
Relate to daughter and to son
The deeds of the brave men who drew
The sword and fought with Washington.

The picket who stood in the rain,
The soldier who lay in the sleet,
The hero numbered with the slain,
The patriot with shoeless feet,
The statesman with a loyal heart.
The mother with a soldier son,
Deserve our gratitude in part,
But no one more than Washington.

While men the English language speak
And teach their sons the history
Of that great war, wherein the weak
Opposed the strong man's tyranny
And struggled to throw off the yoke
That emanated from the throne
Of Britain, people will invoke
God's blessing upon Washington.

The lapse of time, the ruthless hand
Of ignorance may devastate
The costly monuments that stand
To mark the name of one so great,
But even then his name will live
Within the heart of ev'ry son
Who reads the thrilling narrative
Of Washington—proud Washington.

This government may perish and
This land be peopled by a race
That does not English understand,
And their historians may trace
The records for the world's great men,
But when their labors all are done
They'll find the noblest citizen
Is proud Columbia's Washington.

The sun may cease to shed his light,
The smiling moon may change to blood,
The stars may cease to shine at night,
The earth be deluged with a flood;
But when eternity shall come
And things terrestrial are done
In Heav'n above—the Christian's home—
God's angels will guard Washington.

The Roman may of Caesar sing,
Columbus may be claimed by Spain,
And Switzerland her Tell may bring,
And France her hero from the Seine,
Great Britain may extol her queen
And Germany her proudest son,
But in America we mean
To write and sing of Washington.

So long as we our children tell
Of the heroic, noble deeds
Performed by patriots who fell
On Northern hills and Southern meads,
This government of ours will stand
To bless our progeny, not one
Of whom will raise his strong right hand
Against the flag of Washington.

To know the history of Rome
And ancient Greece is very well,
But let our children first become
Familiar with what authors tell
About our Massachusetts men
Who won the day at Lexington,
And marched against the British when
Commanded by our Washington.

Long years ago, ere we drew breath,
And gazed upon the brilliant world,
Our gallant hero tasted death
And to eternity was hurled.
'Twas in his day and by his hand
America her freedom won;
Emblazoned high must ever stand
That name immortal! Washington!

The story of his life is known
In gorgeous palace, humble cot,
By children and by freemen grown;
His name will never be forgot.
On February twenty-two
Loud rings the shouts of every son,
From Eastern sea to Western blue,
"Hurrah! Hurrah! for Washington!"

Our Country's father! kind and true!
To his example point with pride,
And strive to emulate it, too:
'Tis said of him, "He never lied."
Forever true to friend was he,
And no known duty left undone;
He fought for years to make us free:
All honor to our Washington!

Who led his gallant little band
With bloody foot-prints through the snow,
And soothed them by his wise command,
And put to rout the British foe?
Who led our fathers through the war
And forced the tyrants all to run?
Back comes the answer from afar:
"Our Washington! Our Washington!"

As President he served us well
And ever strove to do his best;
In ninety-nine sad tolled the bell,
Announcing his eternal rest.
He bade farewell to scenes below,
His earthly labors being done;
He said, "I'm not afraid to go:"
And thus departed Washington!

Our story has been briefly told,
Considering the many acts
Performed by one so true and bold.
Our aim has been to give the facts
In a succinct and pleasing style;
We hope our task has been well done;
And now we ask your pardon while
We close our tale of Washington.

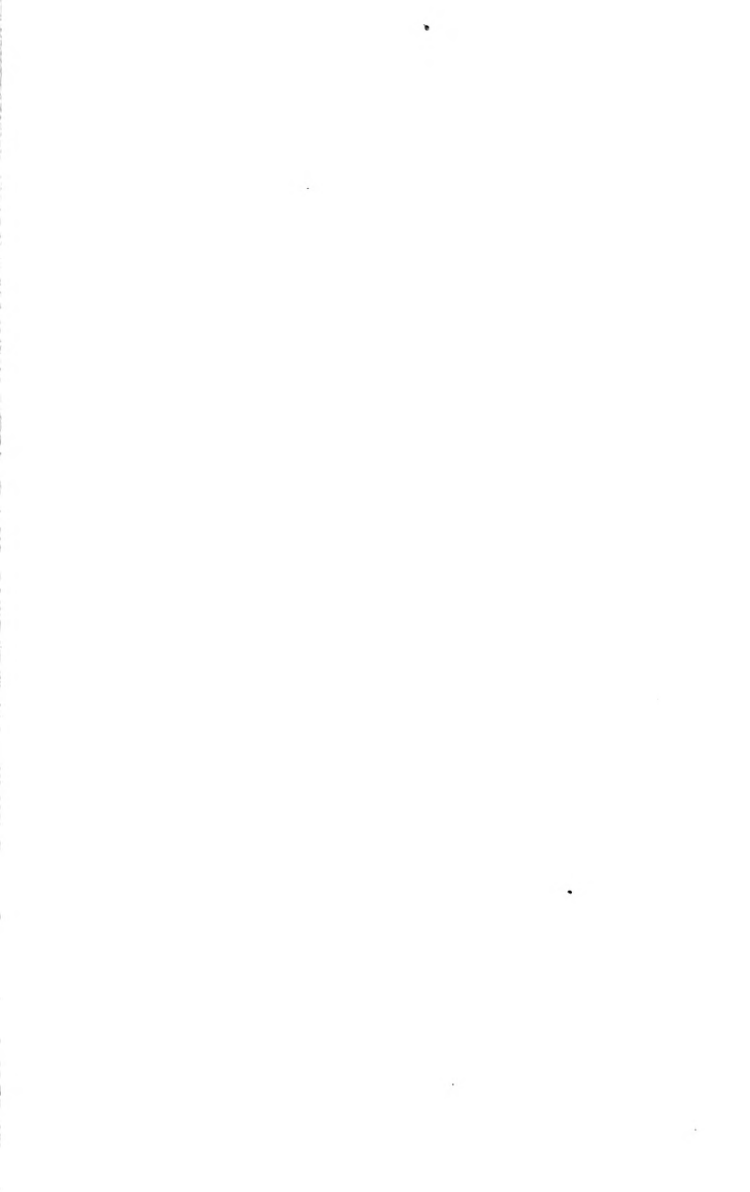
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